

THE  
**PORCUPINE**  
FOR DECEMBER, 1904



HIGH SCHOOL  
Santa Rosa, Cal.

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# The Porcupine

VOL. XI.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., DECEMBER, 1904

NO. 4

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Prudent People Purchase Prickly Porcupines

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## *Neptune's Gift.*

Father, why is the storm so fierce?

Why beat the waves so loud?

Why flash on flash of lightning comes

From out the flying clouds?

"Ah, lad, a storm does blow this night,

Full high the wild waves be,

But ne'er so high as long ago

On the night you came to me.

"Listen, my lad, and I shall tell

A tale of one fierce strife;

Of human skill 'gainst mighty strength,

To save a human life.

"The lightning flashed with blinding light,

The thunder rolled on high,

As though the mighty power above

Were battling in the sky.

"The waves were running high this night

As they have never run,

And each would strike the mighty cliff

As though each were a gun.

"In the boat house the life-boat crew

Sat motionless and grim,

For well they knew that trials fierce

This dreadful night would bring.

## THE PORCUPINE

"It was not long they had to wait,  
For soon above the storm  
The low boom of a signal gun  
To our strained ears were borne.

"Then quick from out the inky dark  
Burst forth a flaming sign,  
The last sad cry our seamen make  
Before they cross the line.

"Three times we strove to launch the boat;  
Three times we strove in vain;  
Then with the strength born of despair  
We charged the seas again.

"For five long minutes battled we  
'Ere victory was ours;  
And we shot through the angry sea,  
While spray came down in showers.

"For two score years and ten I've fought  
The angry, storm-swept sea,  
And in that time 'twas ne'er so rough  
As then it seemed to me.

"It took the skill of strength and years  
Of men raised on the deep,  
To keep that faithful, steady craft  
From sinking with each sweep.

"Oh! how we fought with all our might  
To reach that dying ship,  
While death looked on with smiling gaze,  
Lest foot or hand should slip.

"We struggled long, so hard it was,  
An hour slowly passed,  
And each succeeding plunge we took  
Appeared to be our last.

“But life-men never go to fight  
Unless they challenge death,  
And men like these hope only leaves  
When hand in hand with breath.

E'en when we'd reached the treach'rous spot,  
We feared we were too late,  
For darkness spoke departed life,  
The waves were bells of fate.

“But suddenly a blinding flash  
Flame-rent the angry sky,  
And ship and crew rose from the deep  
Before each anxious eye.

“And looking up from where we were,  
Right close we heard a wail,  
And saw a frenzied figure leap  
From off the pitching rail.

“Then soon upon a crested wave  
I saw a basket float,  
And round its sides, and o'er the top  
Was wrapped a woman's cloak.

“With boat hook, reaching carefully,  
I drew it to my side,  
And found it held a sleeping babe,  
Wrapped softly for his ride.

“Oh, fate! how close we have to look  
To call thy judgments right;  
This mother's leaped to certain death  
With rescuers in sight.

“Ah, lad! the rest is old to you—  
You've heard it oftentimes—  
Your mother, lad, and that great ship  
Alone remained behind.

## THE PORCUPINE

"The sailors brave knew naught of you,  
 And nothing of your home.  
 As for your relatives, my lad,  
 Their lives were never known.

"By sailor's laws of ownership  
 You rightfully were mine;  
 I sometimes think 'twas Providence  
 That sent you at that time.

"Not many days before you came  
 Our own dear laddie died.  
 He was about your tender age;  
 Our life, our very pride.

"So when I brought you to our home  
 There seemed to come again  
 New life and happiness to us,  
 Who, then, had known but pain.

"My boy, I lie awake at night,  
 And tremble lest there come  
 Some one to claim you as his right  
 And rob us of a son.

"And lad, if you should leave us now,  
 'Twould break our poor old hearts,  
 "For he who brought us life and joy  
 Takes both when he departs."

Description of a chem. recitation: One continuous roar.

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Miss Wirt (Eng. VI.): You will find the text in Romans.

Eli: Who wrote that book?

*A Bird of Passage*

The two-horse rattle-trap, brought into being through the folly of the postal department, and continued in its existence through the sufferance of man, was about to start on its momentous journey of three hours, or less, to the neighboring metropolis. This stage—by some it was called the “peeling-off stage” by reason of the total absence of all that goes to make up a self-respecting vehicle—was the only means of public traffic, and I was the only passenger. In my exclusiveness I elevated my nose in the hauteur of an Astorbilt. I was “monarch of all I surveyed,” especially if I shut one eye, and squinted the other. The driver made a funny noise in his throat, tightened the lines that lead to the heads of his specimens of “equine-imity,” raised aloft his mighty implement of destruction and—but the worst was yet to come.

“Hay, there!” came ringing in stentorian tones. I didn’t know, but I guessed that they were stentorian tones. They weren’t branded, but—how I grieve to tell it!—they were brandied. My hauteur vanished whence it came; the driver desisted from his villainous intentions and we looked around to perceive a little man floundering through the sticky mud, making a valiant struggle to reach us.

“Hey, there!” he repeated. “Got room for me?” The driver grunted. The little man took it affirmatively and clambered, panting, to a seat in front of me, beside the driver, and we were off.

As we rattled along I took occasion to study our acquisition. I could see nothing but the back of his head, bounded on the north by a faded, black slouch hat, and on the south by the heavy collar of an ancient overcoat; but it was significant in its brutish fullness. His breath was redolent of stale beer and cigar butts. All bespoke the daily life of the man—a barroom lounger of the coarsest clay. My eyes fell upon a long, black hair coiled up on his shoulder. My interest was aroused. What if

this creature had a romance in his life? What if some Amazon of the hills had roped and branded him as her own? I was picturing in my mind the tender parting which had placed the hair in that position when a slight gust of wind blew in over the horses, and I, too, was possessed of a beautiful long, black—horsehair. My romance was shattered.

At length our passenger turned his gaze upon the driver and remarked with an air of finality: "Been lots of rain."

"Uh-huh," the latter grunted.

Lots of rain! Well, I should vociferate! It had been raining continually for about two weeks, and the country had been flooded. For three miles we had been plowing through a sea of mud, and then to make a remark like that. But his next contribution to literature more nearly approached the plus ultra of idiocy. He renewed his illuminating argument by saying: "The roads is pretty bum."

The driver felt called upon to corroborate the statement, so he flourished his "deadly wepon" to encourage the horses out of a hole in which we were in danger of getting stuck, and remarked sympathetically, "That's right."

Thus encouraged our little man continued: "I got a telephone dispatch last night—my mother was awful sick. Been travelin' ever sinct to ketch this rig. You know my mother, I guess, old Mrs. Johnson. She lives over there." He jerked his thumb in the direction of the metropolis.

"Mrs. Johnson?" replied the driver blundering. "Why, I read in the paper this morning she died last night."

"Dead? God bless her old soul! But I did want to see the old woman beforst she died. I ain't seen her for eight years. He fumbled around and produced a faded bandana with which he sopped his bleary eyes.

I immediately sat up and began to take notice, for here was my opportunity to test one of my convictions.

I have always believed that people of his stamp are insincere in their emotions, or, at least, they are moved only by selfish reasons. Their grief has always seemed as ridiculous as the squeeling of a pig when his swill is taken from him.

Shortly we drew up before a road house, decorated with aluring beer signs. Our driver clambered out, the hope of a true devotee of Bacchus brightening his countenance. He had arrived within the radius of the influence which was able to draw him from his shell. He cheerily invited: "Come on, gents, and have somethin'."

His side partner buried his bandana and responded with alacrity. I refused, and was penalized for my unsociability by a long wait for their return. They at length re-appeared upon the scene, arm in arm, laughing and talking. Truly, whisky is thicker than blood—especially road house whisky. Flushed and exhilarated, they blundered "on again" and then were "off again," the driver imparting some of his newly acquired energy to the horses with vigorous flashes of the whip.

During the rest of the journey I had reason to sympathize with the good people who are endeavoring to suppress road houses. The flood of oratory was let loose and I was driven helplessly to the ark of taciturnity, whence I sent out a dove of peace in the shape of a couple of good cigars in my endeavor to quell it; but my effort was of no avail, for it continued to rage. The range of subjects was something marvelous. After each had told the story of his life, with numerous digressions by the way, the questions of the day were discussed, revealing a complete disregard for authenticity in history, geography, or anything else. In a eulogy on Roosevelt our friend Johnson distinguished himself by this peroration: "There never was anybody like Roosevelt. He clum San Jawn Hill and chased the Spaniards clean to Porty Riky. He can lick Alexander the Great, even if "Aleck" did put it all over Napoleon at Waterloo, in '63. He's got a horse named Excalibur and a sword six feet long, what he calls

the Rúbicon. You bet, I'll vote for him every time!"

I collapsed and thought, with a shudder, of the miles we had yet to go. We came to several saloons and at each "it was the same old story, in the same old way." The last few miles of the journey was a caution. My bereaved fellow passenger forgot that there was such a thing as sorrow, and caroled with the spirit of a bird, although falling infinitely short of creating the same effect. A wild desire came into my head that he should be a bird and that it should be "open season" for his particular kind.

As we reached the metropolis the shades of night were falling fast, "like a feather wafted downward in its flight from a chicken going to roost," as it has been very poetically described. In the outskirts of the city Johnson expressed his desire to vacate, impressing quite forcibly upon my mind that whoever said "parting gives such pain," lied. He slid out over the side of the stage and stood unsteadily on his feet.

"Shay, gents," he addressed us, be sure and come to th' ol' woman's fun'r'al tomorrer. We'll have a rippen time." The horses nervously started up, and as we rattled over the cobbles the air was filled with a long-drawn "Whoop-la! 'Ray fer me!"

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Bumbaugh: Miss Wirt, shall we learn that second verse twice?

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Dudley (speaking of paramoccia): Oh, look at all their little legs wiggling! Aint they funny!

---

Mr. Harwood (Phys. I): Yes—I don't—guess.

---

Mr. O.: But wasn't he related to his parents in any way?

## *Bumpings For the Christmas Class of 1904*

It is not well that a class should graduate from the High School without receiving some attention from the school paper. But the nature of the attention can only be of one kind. All seniors, with the exception of those of June, '05, are possessed of an inordinate conceit, and the greatest service we can do for them is to reduce their expansive propensities. So here goes:

CARL SCHAUPP.

The subject of this sketch, while still young, was born at a beautiful little village on the Rhine, in Germany. When the young Rhine-oceros became old enough to sing, for perfectly obvious reasons he emigrated with a number of other Germs to the land of the Standard Oil Company, and the home of the trusts. It was in this country that he developed those qualities of mind and heart that impaired the first and caused the total loss of the other. He was ever reaching upwards. 'Tis said that his neighbors' chicken roosts were unsafe because of that fact. About ten years ago he effected an entrance into the Santa Rosa High School in spite of the janitor's watchfulness and remained there until now, notwithstanding all efforts to dislodge him. A couple of years before his demise he went to the Far North to cool off, his former home having become too hot for him. Upon his return he engaged in Congress, dealing especially with the immigration question. Close self-examination had evidently shown him that immigration should be restricted. He also engaged in academic journalism with eminent success, causing the organ of which he was editor to glory in its overflowing coffers and endless list of subscribers. But now, thank God, we are rid of him and hereafter the girls must go Schaupping in vain.

## THE PORCUPINE

## FLOY PEDIGO.

It is extremely difficult to write of the infinite with only a poor finite understanding at one's command. Ideas clumsily, laboriously formed hint so slightly and crudely of the hyper-etheriality of this radiant being who has so recently passed away to the alumni world. She had nothing in common with the material affairs of life. She was wafted into being on a rose-colored cloud; the bright rays of the sun were her food; the translucent drops of morning dew her drink. The High School was constructed especially to be a setting for this heavenly pearl, whom we gazed upon humbly, yet grateful for the privilege. From time to time she would deign to allow the teachers to taint her spotless mind with earthly knowledge. All of the boys bowed down in silent worship of her angelic countenance and several pined away with untold and unrequited affection. Upon her departure from our midst the pain was excruciating, for we felt that her place could never be filled, and that never again would we be brought into such close contact with a being from another world.

In closing, I must apologize for using the thoughts expressed above, for they were Miss Floy's own.

## CLAY BRIGGS.

"Well, doncher know, this here feller was graduated, and nobody seen him when he done it. Sure, funny things happened in them times."

In studying the lives of great men, such as the one now under consideration, many inexplicable facts come to our attention. The most remarkable fact in Clay's life is that he came to be what he was. Although born in humble circumstances, he had a long line of ancestry reaching back to the clay that entered into Adam's make-up. His early environment was not of the best, beind deprived of many advantages common to all youths. Yet in High School he burst forth from his cocoon and

became a being of scintillating radiance. No more wide-awake force was ever seen radiating upon the school grounds or in the class room. A Beau Brummel in manner, he fairly captivated the hearts of the most fastidious fair ones. In his school work he made a record of which any one might be proud; judging from the "P's" on his report cards, he was "perfect" in most of his studies. In his recitations he had at his command the knowledge of all the ages and brought it to bear upon the subjects under consideration in a masterful and compelling manner. But, alas! it is the nature of all greatness to end. There were many beautiful floral pieces.

#### MARION FITZGERALD.

In the year of Annie Domino 1885, there came into the world a being who was destined to shine in the High School as a geometrician. When but a few weeks old she startled this mundane sphere by distinctly enunciating "Goo-Goo," and to this time her familiarity with these words have not diminished. Judging from a certain propensity not very well concealed, a few observers decided that her milkman kept goats. But, laying all poor attempts at humor aside, this young lady was the possessor of all of the High School virtues. She always treated the teachers respectfully; that is, she didn't make faces at them behind their backs, etc. In recitation, she never, never "bluffed" or used a Waterman's Ideal, and her 'scutcheon was kept free from the blots of "cut" recitations. Her modesty in conversation and action was especially noticeable; she never stamped her feet or made the other noises in the study hall that bring the marks of time to the teachers' faces. In the nature of things her field of action was limited while in the school, but now she has passed to a new world which, no doubt, she will attempt to Youkerize.

#### CARL RATHBONE.

It would never have been our sad duty to record the

life of this young man if the fool-killer had not been negligent in the performance of his duties. He was born only a few years ago, to judge age by actions, on the 31st of November. His history must necessarily be short, for we can only speak of his childhood days—he never experienced any other. How he ever got into High School would be a mystery, only we know that “fools rush in, etc.” He was an enthusiastic believer in athletics, but especially athletics as exemplified by Carl Rathbone. In fact, he was a great believer in that young man’s prowess on all occasions. But his true sphere of action was among the fair, fat and foolish feminines. His raven locks and ravenous eyes, with his mustacheos-to-be, enthralled many. What looks could not accomplish he carried out by the judicious investment of athletic tickets and emblems—he was manager, consequently those things “came easy.” However, he did not come out unscathed from the wars of Venus. Up to the day of his demise an elastic bandage held in place an over-pulled limb, and an adhesive plaster restrained a breaking heart. But with all of his infantile propensities, his devotion to the school was remarkable. It was almost impossible to get him more than a block and a half away from the building for any length of time. But, alas, he’s “queening” with the angels now.

HUBERT LUCE.

LAVINIA RHODES.

ETHEL SULLIVAN.

ADELA DICKSON.

MAYBELLE BREEN.

As the editor absolutely refuses to give up any more space to such bosh, the remainder of the class must be treated collectively. It is hoped that none of them will feel slighted. It will no doubt cast a fiery mantle over

Huberts cheeks to find himself among so many girls—a mantle of anger, though, for five is very decidedly a crowd. Figuratively speaking, we are “up against it.” If we say anything good about these people we shall be accused of hyperbole. If we say anything bad about them, they will return from the world to which they have passed, and, if they can discover our identity, make life a howling wilderness for us. We have no desire to spend our nights fleeing from the “wrath to come” in the shape of a mighty right arm, a bair of piercing black basket-ball eyes, and the “girl behind,” to say nothing of a tangling mass of Circassian hair. But be it as it may, we say to the whole class, “we are glad to be rid of you,” and in the words of the Latin poet, “We don’t care if you never come back.”

---

### *The Tree Squirrel*

On the woody hillsides of the Coast Range live many wee, gray, furry animals. All day long they bark and chatter among the pine tops, wholly ignoring their fellow creatures of the earth below.

If, perchance, you should hurriedly come upon them while they are laboring with their pile of nuts a shrill call would immediately be uttered and forward the whole troop would rush in a harum- scarum scramble, each trying to reach the top of a dark, shady pine or oak, where it will remain concealed until man, the innocent intruder, slowly strides away.

---

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These harmless little tree squirrels jump from branch to branch and sometimes, when greatly frightened, can traverse yards of treetop without even coming to the ground.

Among the branches of the pine and oak, about the middle belt of timber, are many large, dark spots which appear to be, upon examination, nests. They are interwoven with pine needles, tough water grasses and, here and there, oak sticks jut out, which afford a stronger frame work, for the lightsome bird does not rest its tired wings here. This is the summer home of the tree squirrel.

The rich brown acorns, the lighter brown hazel nuts and the delicate tinted manzanita berries soon disappear from the trees and bushes, for the squirrels have heralded abroad that their stores are ripe. Sunrise sees them shaking their bushy tails as they hop to and fro carrying between their front feet a precious hazel nut. They work tirelessly through the long autumn days, gathering their winter stores. Man ought to learn a lesson from these tiny quadrupeds and gather his supply while summer lasts, so when winter comes his storeroom, too, will have its acorns and its hazelnuts.

Business, combined with much impudence and frolic, seems to be the tree squirrel's principal characteristic. These dauntless creatures delight in hurling empty nut shells upon a passer-by, as in their chatter they seem to say, "Go on! Go on! We have our work to do. Why haven't you yours?" So trustful are they, that if ever a shot is fired, killing one of their number, that spot in the woods they will forever desert. Shame be upon the one who ever lays low one of these happy little creatures that make the woods resound with their mirth and happiness.

A. D. '04.

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Frank G. (Eng. IV): I think Goldsmith took parts of "The Deserted Village" from Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith."

*Answer to Alone*

The poem "Alone" suggests the cry of a lonely soul—a dweller on the heights—for love and companionship on its own plane, and my fancy leads me to answer it as such in part.

Oh, human poplar! with heart of gold,  
Thou rare, rich nature, misunderstood,  
Give to the world of thy finer mood,  
And it will no longer call thee cold.

Wing thy love-thought, give voice to thy soul,  
Repression bears never a perfect flower.  
Send forth thy sympathies every hour,  
And the forces of fate may be thing to control.

The willow droops earthward, and broods undefiled,  
Its breast is the rest of the nestling birds;  
Its shadow the shelter of homeless herds,  
And its heart hath its rest—as the sleep of a child.

The passion vine with its heart on fire,  
Hath spirit as strong and true as your own.  
Tho' it never could grow so high alone,  
It could climb to the height of your heart's desire.

Bend to it lovingly, it will respond.  
Fasten each tendril that reaches toward thee.  
Free as a bird, it will scorn to be free,  
Clasping thee ever and ever more fond.

Rounding thy life while it bids thee aspire,  
Till one at last are the vine and the tree.  
Its starry white blossoms bloom ever for thee,  
As you mount the blue heavens still higher and higher.

And thou shalt be never alone.

J. F., B. H. S., 1876.

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*All personals, stories, literary articles and items of interest to this paper should be sent to The Porcupine, Santa Rosa, Cal.*

All honor is due to the members of the graduating class of Christmas, '04. Perhaps they do not realize it, but they belong to a larger class with which rests the advancement of all civilizing influences. In proportion to the amount of the world's knowledge that they hold, they will be a power for progress in any community. With them rests the solution of all problems of whatever color, and so far as they have assimilated and continue to assimilate the highest and best, just so far will their generation advance. Education is the key to the solution of all problems and its partakers should be honored proportionately.

But should not they who devote their lives to the laying of such a valuable foundation be honored ever more?

The editorial staff see with fear and trembling the approach of a new term. The term itself is not awe-inspiring, but by that time a vacancy will have been created in

our staff that will be filled with difficulty. For several months Carl Schaupp has been the guiding spirit of The Porcupine, and under his efficient management the paper has reached the highest point in its development. Upon his graduation we shall be left drifting rudderless upon the waves of school sentiment. But as he has created a strong sentiment in favor of the paper that will carry it upon its right course, our chief fear is that we may not be able to justify the appreciation of the school. Moreover, The Porcupine will not be the only loser. Every branch of High School activity will lose its most ardent supporter and hereafter the school as a whole will lack an example of stalwart young manhood.

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Occasionally it is a good thing to stop and sum up to see just where we stand. The last month of the year seems especially to this purpose, for if we realize where we are, and what we need, we can more easily plan our course at the beginning of the year. It is a curious weakness, though, to put off the turning of the "new leaves" until the first of January—just as if that day possessed more virtue than any other! But how many of us can look with anything like satisfaction on the record of the past twelve months? A legion of errors, both of commission and omission, stare out at us from every page. It does no good to "cry over spilled milk," but by taking heed to the accidents of the past we will be less liable to get into difficulties in the future—that is, the same kind of difficulties.

---

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There are many differences of opinion regarding the value of football; but this much is certain—its moral value depends upon the spirit in which the game is played. In a recent game some of the members of our team showed a tendency toward disregarding the true football spirit. This should not be. The game immediately becomes no better than a common street fist-fight, producing ever worse moral results. If an oposing player plays "dirty," a man has no reason, for there is no reason, to retaliate. When a player becomes angry, he should be taken from the field, for he is no longer an intelligent, alert being, but an insane brute, glorying in the gratification of his aroused passions. There is no sight more fraught with disgust to the spectators, and nothing will more quickly consign the game to "inocuous desuetude." Remember, fellows, that even if you run up a score of 50 to 0, you lose what you are really playing for by violating the proper spirit of the game.

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In this issue we print a poem in answer to the poem, "Alone," of last month's issue. Its authorship is unfortunately concealed from us, as it was received bearing a signature unknown to the author of "Alone," who trusts that no unwritten laws are being broken by allowing it to be published.

---

Joe (Physics III): Does light travel faster in water than in air?

Mr. Harwood: Well, I don't know.

Joe: Well, why is it that you see stars so quick when you hit the bottom of a swimming hole?

---

**C. M. BRUNER**  
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## Congress

The House re-opened December 5th, at 1:30 p. m. The bill proposing aid to Japan was discussed at length. Those speaking for the bill were Carl Schaupp, Giles Briggs, Mr. Gale and Alfred Hansen. Those speaking against were Harold McMeans, Howard Gilkie and Edwin Abeel. Many arguments were brought out reflecting much credit upon the participators in the debate.

On December 15th the final session of the term was held. The discussion of the Japanese question was resumed and finally put to the question. The bill was rejected. A new bill providing for the popular election of United States Senators was read for the first time. A bill providing for the prohibition of the sale of patent medicines containing harmful ingredients was read for the third time, and will come up for discussion at the next session of Congress. The sessions of this term have been productive of excellent results. Great interest is being aroused, especially among the younger members of the school.



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(Alg.) X.—Rate of current down stream.  
Y—Rate of current up stream.

## Athletics

Thanksgiving day, November 24th, we played a game with the California School for the Deaf and Dumb and were defeated. Up to the last four minutes of play we seemed to have the better of the argument, but at last the mutes broke down our magnificent defense and rapidly ran up a score of 11 to 0. They play fast, clean ball, and while we like to win, we enjoy playing football with gentlemen. The best feeling existed between the two teams and after the game they asked for a game next year. It is probable that the Thanksgiving day game will become an annual contest with the California School for Deaf and Dumb.

Time of halves, 20-25. Riley, Mackenzie and McConnell were officials.

We played Healdsburg for the second time this year Saturday, December 3d. Their team showed wonderful development, while ours, weakened by the loss of three of its best men, played slow, listless football. The first half Healdsburg made steady gains, but failed to score. In the second half we braced up and advanced the ball from our fifteen yard line to Healdsburg's ten yard line.

Hitchcock, Smith, Macquiddy and Youker played "swell" ball. Weir also played a good game. He was badly injured.

Officials, Brown, Kinley, Mackenzie and Sanborn. Time, 15-51.

Saturday, December 10th, we chartered two electric cars and went to Petaluma. We won 15-0. There was

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much improvement over the previous Saturday. We scored in two minutes by quick end runs and bucks, which were like a trip hammer. We scored again in that half and then once in the second half. Petaluma outweighed us about fifteen pounds to the man, but the fellows didn't care.

Macquiddy brought the rooters to their feet many times by daring hurdles. Smith was a wonder at end runs. When Youker hit the line something had to give—and it did for five yards each time. Ahl distinguished himself recovering fumbles.

Hitchcock played his usual gritty game.

Gardner was like a stone wall.

Giles and Clay Briggs were in every play.

Dignan, though a new man at tackle, showed up well. Veteran Gary played the other tackle. Nuf ced.

Reeves and "Preeny" at ends, oh, my! Reeves is O. K. and Preeny has three beautiful end runs to his credit.

Friday, December 16th, Fred McConnell was elected manager to succeed Carl Rathbone, resigned. Rathbone goes to Berkeley High after Christmas. Kenneth MacKenzie was elected treasurer and Robert Mitchell his assistant. Both are good reliable fellows. McConnell has acted in the capacity of treasurer for the last four months and has been invaluable in aiding the manager. A better choice could not have been made.

Mr. O.: Green, you must not be sparkling in history. you've done enough this hour; you may go to the study hall.

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## *Exchanges*

The exchange editors unfamiliar with Santa Rosa conditions will very probably not see the connection between the rose on our cover and Christmas. The sight of our laden rose bushes, however, would clear up many doubts on the question.

The Girls' High Journal for November is quite an achievement. Those poetical versions of little Jack Horner are unique and witty. The contents of the number throughout are well written and show, besides real literary talent, a knowledge of correct literary style.

The Review, from Sacramento, would admit of some improvement in several respects. Its scarcity of material of literary value is quite lamentable, all but the first three pages being devoted to departments, which, by the way, are almost wholly given up to local matters. The little figure on the cover is rather pretty, but, since her face is unmistakably that of a Japanese, is also rather unappropriate.

The Lowell for November comes to us clad in very attractive covers. The cover design is handsome, and, unlike so many high school artistic attempts, is well executed. This may also be said of the various cuts throughout the magazine. The idea of having a criticism department is good, and, though the critics are often very severe, it is certainly of much value in helping contributors. We might suggest, as an improvement, more originality in the joke department.

There is little to commend in the stories of the November Item. In our estimation, this issue is somewhat below its usual standard.

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Miss Whitehead: Mr. Trembley, how do you think you would get along in a front seat?

Mr. T: Poor.

Miss W.: I disagree with you.

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 "Can't you conceive?"  
 "Isn't it not?"  
 "Let all talking stop."  
 "Turn around, Howard."  
 "Ellsworth! Ellsworth!"  
 "Well, let's go on."  
 "It doesn't. Doesn't it?"  
 "I wish to see in the office all those who receive more than two P's."  
 "I wish I had a stepladder."  
 "I wish to see ——— after dismissal."  
 "Boys may pass."

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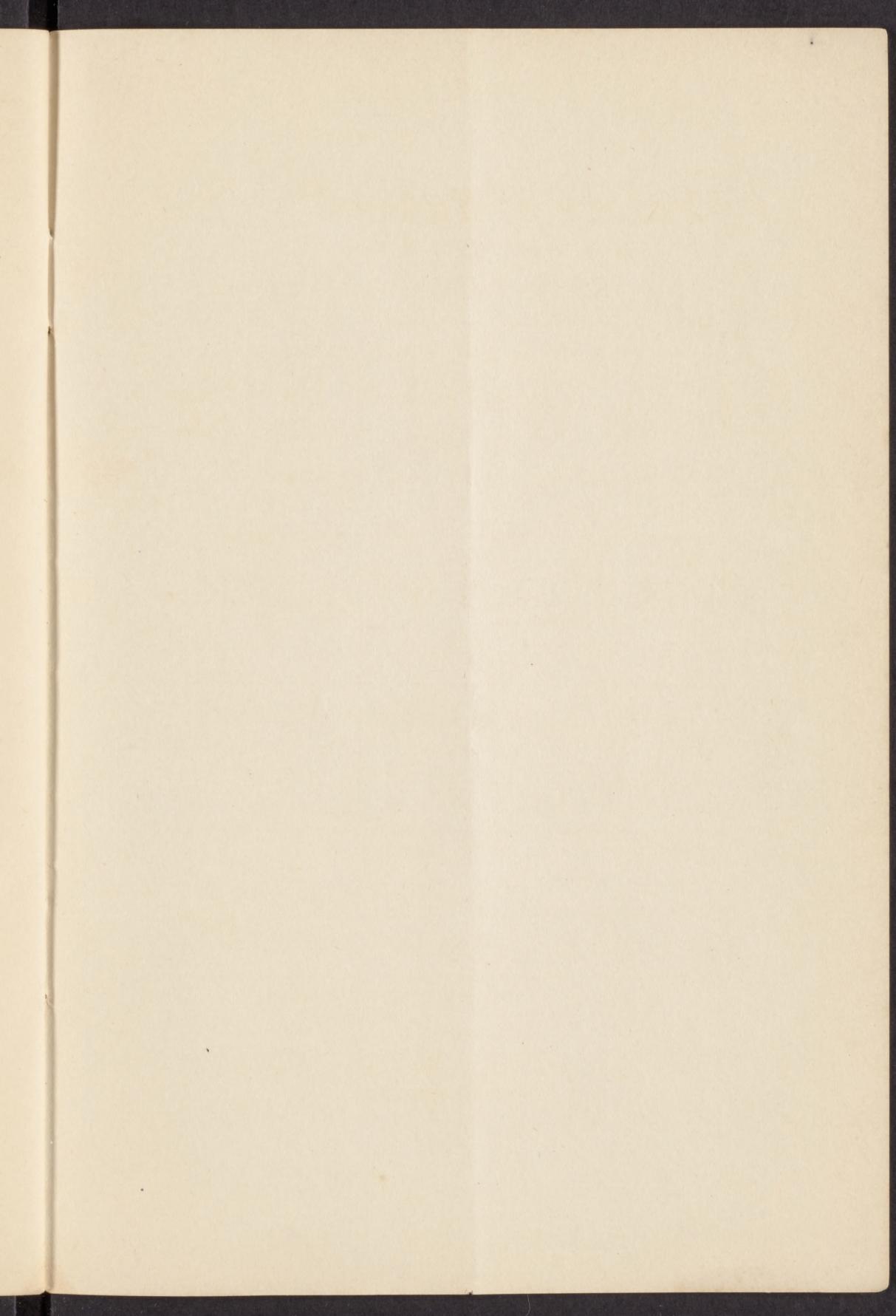
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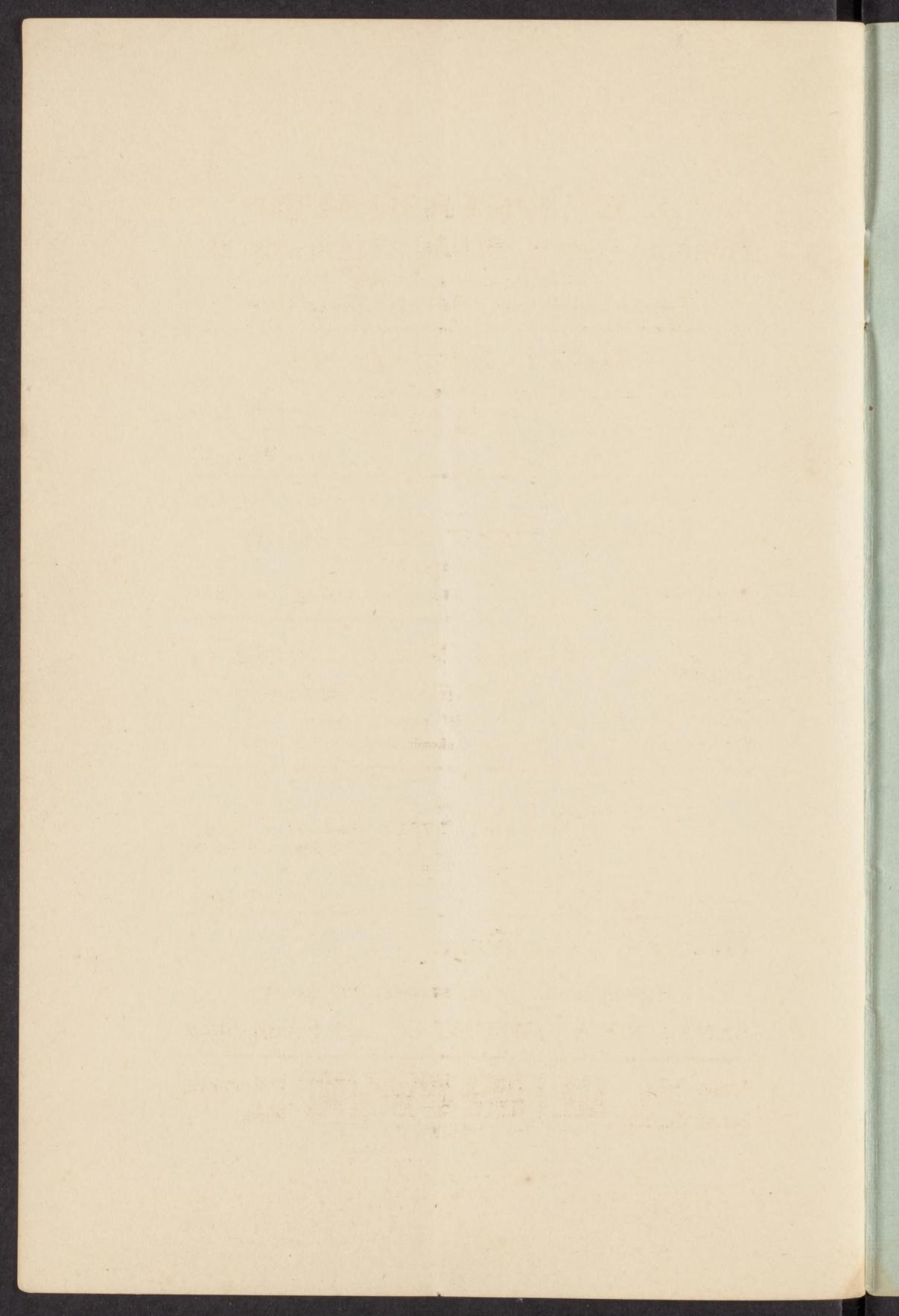
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